

THE
POETICAL FLIGHTS

OF
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CORNET OF HORSE.

EXETER:

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P R E F A C E.

THE Author sometime since received several violent kicks in endeavouring to mount the noted Horse *Pegasus*, but at last having got his seat, he found the only possible means to keep it, was to hold fast by the mane with both hands.—Shou'd he be thrown at the next *General Review* (which has been the fate of many better riders) he shall then think of retiring from the service.—His friends will easily perceive that his pericranium suffered very materially, and will therefore kindly account for any sudden fall that may happen, by putting it down to a dizziness in his head. It gives him some satisfaction to find, that an order is issued out by the *Commanding Officer*, that on review days no little snarling yelping curs be admitted into the field, but those noble honest dogs only, who never bark but when justly offended.

The first of these is the fact that the
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POETICAL ESSAYS, &c.

To the NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET Bird! thy plaintive notes I hear,
Thy woes increase my pain;
Thou say'st thy mate hath prov'd unkind,
Or thou would'st ne'er complain.

But think not thou alone dost feel
The pang of hopeless love,
For I lament a faithless maid,
Once tenant of this grove.

B

Her

Her form was perfect and divine,
 She deign'd my tale to hear,
 And soon I hop'd to call her mine—
 I thought her all sincere.

Such charms before I ne'er beheld,
 I lov'd her as my own,
 But now, alas! like thee I pine,
 Like thine my mate is flown.

Ah! should'st thou meet her in thy way,
 Tell her my tale of woe,
 And if to pity she incline,
 From pity love may flow.

Seize the first moment of her grief,
 And plead for me alone,
 And if the tear bedew her cheek,
 That tear will all atone.

Should'st

Should'st thou with sorrow's tend'rest tale
 Affect her wand'ring mind,
 Fly quickly back and tell me where
 My Sylvia I may find.

Soon as we meet (transporting thought !)
 All, all shall be forgot ;
 And to my bosom I'll receive
 The partner of my cot.

And should'st thou e'er so happy be
 Thy Love again to find,
 Forget, like me, the pang thou feel'st,
 Nor speak, nor look unkind.

Haste to my cell ! thy well-known note
 Shall tell me thou art come ;
 Thy little partner glad I'll greet,
 And each shall find a home.

From dreary storms and northern blasts,
 To both we'll shelter give,
 And thro' life's variegated scenes,
 With us you safe shall live.

With many a tale of tender love
 We'll join th' impassion'd strain;
 And winter's tedious hours beguile,
 'Till spring return again.

And when at last thy note shall cease,
 Thy note we'll oft deplore;
 We'll comfort lend to widow'd grief,
 To love thee still the more.

HENRY

HENRY AND DELIA.

MY Delia thought my mind was chang'd,
And vow'd from me to part;
Was told another I preferr'd,
Who now possess my heart.

The tongue malignant, whispering said,
That Chloe was my love,
And Delia thinking I was false,
Resolv'd far hence to rove.

My guiltless heart her absence mourn'd,
Each thought increas'd my pain;
The groves and vallies lost their charms,
When Delia left the plain.

The

The bow'r, made sacred by our loves,
 Where woodbines form'd the shade;
 Where eglantines and jas'mine sweet
 Were seldom known to fade

Now mournful droop'd! those beauteous flow'rs
 Which stole from Delia bloom,
 Whose fragrance fill'd the ev'ning breeze,
 Now added to the gloom.

My mind depictur'd various ills
 That might befall my love;
 And prompted by despair, I left
 The once delightful grove.

I wander'd far thro' dreary wastes,
 O'er mountains bleak and cold,
 And shrunk beneath the craggy rocks,
 While thunders o'er me roll'd.

I heard

I heard th' impetuous torrent fall,
 I saw it sweep the plain,
 Which, tyrant-like, drove all before,
 With insolent disdain.

The forked light'nings flash'd from heav'n,
 And blaz'd on all around,
 And stately venerable oaks
 Lay rooted from the ground.

Foaming the angry billows roll'd,
 And dash'd against the shore;
 The whistling winds a tempest blew,
 With loud tremendous roar.

The minute guns, distressing sound!
 Now shock'd my listening ears;
 A thousand passions tore my breast,
 A thousand tender fears.

The

The storm decreasing, hope reviv'd,
 The sun illum'd the day;
 But oh! the wish'd for calm return'd,
 Fresh horrors to display.

The neighbouring hamlet was no more,
 And scarcely could be trac'd;
 The sacred fane, with towering spire,
 Which late the village grac'd,

Unvaulted stood! th' enfeebled walls
 Were cleft and shiver'd through,
 And of the numerous peasants cots,
 Not one appear'd in view.

The tide returning, bodies bore
 On each successive wave;
 Floating I saw them, 'till they sunk
 And found a watry grave.

Some

Some few to wrecks of vessels lash'd,
 Were driven on the shore,
 From ev'ry part loud shrieks I heard,
 Heaven's mercy to implore.

Swift to the water's edge I ran,
 And loud exclaim'd "a friend!"
 No monster of a savage coast,
 I come kind aid to lend.

The shipwreck'd mariner to save,
 Dispel his heart-felt fear,
 To sympathize in his distress,
 And drop soft pity's tear.

The stores that on the beach are thrown
 Will soon afford relief,
 Will satisfy the famish'd soul,
 And mitigate its grief.

C

The

On the next wave, a shatter'd plank
 A lovely maiden bore,
 Whose fainting spirits scarce suffic'd
 To reach the wish'd-for shore.

I ran and caught her in my arms—
 I look'd! and gaz'd again;
 But oh! what raptures seiz'd my soul,
 My Delia to regain.

'Twas Delia to my heart I press'd,
 My long lost hapless love;
 My soul was lifted from this earth,
 And tasted joys above.

Awaking now as from a trance,
 She shriek'd, and cried "forbear!"
 I told her 'twas her Henry spoke,
 That heaven had brought him here,

To

To snatch her from an ill-tim'd fate,
 To save her from the deep,
 Where many by the storm were sunk
 In everlasting sleep.

Again I clasp'd her in my arms,
 And blest'd her o'er and o'er;
 Told her what perils I'd endur'd,
 What love had yet in store.

And is it Henry, she exclaim'd,
 Who cheers my weary soul?
 Bless him, ye powers, who sit on high,
 Who earth and seas controul.

No longer can I doubt thy love,
 Tho' wretched was my mind,
 When told by one I deem'd my friend,
 That thou had'st prov'd unkind.

I thought thee Henry then as false
 As now I find thee true ;
 Far greater perils, keener woes,
 I'd freely bear for you.

If love will pay the debt I owe,
 My very soul is thine ;
 My thoughts, my words, my looks, myself,
 To thee I now resign.

S O N G S,

LADS and lasses let's be gay,
Let us sing and dance and play,
Sound the pipe and strike the tabor,
Mirth shall crown our daily labour.

CHORUS.—*Lads and Lasses, &c,*

Rural pastimes we'll enjoy,
And our pleasures ne'er shall cloy;
Virtue here shall keep her court,
While her vot'ries dance and sport.

CHORUS.—*Lads and Lasses, &c.*

While

While we can, let mirth abound,
 Let the sprightly song go round;
 Form the ring, let each advance,
 And, like lambkins, skip and dance.

CHORUS.—*Lads and Lasses, &c.*

S O N G. --- LOUISA.

THE Linnet perch'd on yonder tree,
 In sweetest notes declares his love,
 Yet flirts about to shew he's free
 With every warbler of the grove.

So man breathes forth his tender tale,
 And ev'ry artless maid believes;
 His vows pass on with every gale,
 And leave the fair he thus deceives.

SONG.

SONG. — LOUISA.

HOW oft with artless steps I've trod
 This sweet and fertile vale,
 Have caught the milk-maid's morning song,
 And learnt her evening tale:
 The lowing herds and bleating flocks
 Pleas'd well my list'ning ear,
 Whilst nature bade the smiling fields,
 In all her blooms appear.

The feather'd warblers, flying round,
 Pour'd forth their tales of love;
 And cooing Turtles oft I've heard
 In yonder shady grove.
 Whene'er the lads and lasses met,
 I join'd the roundelay;
 And hoary age ne'er knit his brow,
 But smil'd to see us gay.

The

The shepherd's pipe and sweeter song,
 Each eve did constant prove
 That music's charms can sooth the soul,
 And waft its flight above.
 Those pleasing hours, alas ! are past,
 And now I bid adieu !
 At once forsake my native home,
 My happiness—and you.

SONG. --- LOUISA.

YE beauteous maids, of this be sure,
 If passion lead the way,
 The swain you think to make secure,
 Most likely will betray.

The

The kifs, imprinted on your lips,
Is yours but for the hour;
The roving bee flies round and fips
The sweets of every flow'r.

Beware then each seducing art,
Left hapless you repent:
Virtue, once rooted in the heart,
Will years of grief prevent.

S O N G. — SIR EDWARD.

L O U I S A sure by heav'n design'd
To calm the storms of life,
To smoothe the wrinkled brow of care,
And be her Edward's wife:

D

Ah,

Ah, dearest maid! to thee I owe
 What fortune ne'er can pay,
 Yet share the boon which heav'n has giv'n,
 And haste with me away.

Far distant from each fancied ill
 Shalt thou securely rest,
 While peace, the guardian of our hours,
 Shall make us ever blest.
 O deign to hear! thy Edward speaks;
 'Tis he whose soul is love!
 'Tis he whose heart is ever thine,
 Too constant e'er to rove.

SONG.

SONG, — LOUISA.

COME hope, and pierce yon heavy cloud,
 That now o'erwhelms my soul;
 Shed forth thy rays and cheer mine heart,
 Nor let remorse controul.

'Tis thou canst peace and comfort give,
 And sooth my tortur'd breast;
 Oh! pour thy balm o'er all my woes,
 And make me ever blest.

Come, gentle sleep! and lend thine aid,
 Preserve me from despair;
 In dreams present my father's shade,
 And whisper, he is near;
 And when I wake, may heav'n approve
 The vision of my sleep,
 And work the fiction into life:
 Then I may cease to weep.

S O N G. — SIR EDWARD.

I'LL leave the circles of the great,
 For yon sequester'd grove:
 There Edward will Louisa meet,
 And tune the song of love.

Farewell companions of a day!
 Farewell to noise and strife!
 Farewell the friend of yesterday!
 I'll take a friend for life.

S O N G. — SIR EDWARD.

COME then my life, my all is thine,
 And heav'n approves our love;
 How blest am I to call thee mine!
 Most constant will I prove.

LOUISA.

LOUISA.

Blest with thy smiles, no ills I fear,
 Since heav'n points out the way;
 To thee my heart shall be sincere,
 I'll chearfully obey.

D U E T.

SIR EDWARD } AND LOUISA. }	United then by laws divine, One heart shall serve thro' life:
LOUISA.	May you the faithful husband be!
SIR EDWARD.	And you the happy wife!

Together }	SIR EDWARD,	May I the faithful husband be!
		And you the happy wife!
	LOUISA.	May you the faithful husband be!
		And I the happy wife.

SONG.

S O N G.

CHORUS. **H**APPY, happy, happy we,
 This is true felicity:
 Hither mirth with jocund strain,
 Free from sorrow, free from pain.

SIR EDWARD. Let's be merry gay and wise,
 And through life fair virtue prize;
 Let the sparkling glass go round;
 Let each hill and vale resound.

CHORUS. *Happy, &c.*

LLEWELLIN. Come, my friends, this day is ours,
 Welcome, welcome, social pow'rs;
 Welcome music, dance, and song,
 Blooming health and life prolong!

CHORUS. *Happy, &c.*

SIR EDWARD.

SIR EDWARD. Hark, the village pipe I hear !

Let each lad and lass prepare
To trip it lightly o'er the green,
And mark with joy this festive scene.

CHORUS. *Happy, &c.*

SONG.

O Delia ! tell thy faithful swain
If sighs or tears can move,
At once release me from my pain,
And bless me with thy love.
But if thy soul withstand the pow'r
Of subtle cupid's dart,
Bid me farewell this very hour,
Nor trifle with my heart.

Say

Say, must I still with tears implore,
 And wilt thou hide thy face?
 Resume the tranquil smile once more,
 Which welcom'd each embrace:
 Think on those hours we fondly spent
 In this sequester'd grove;
 Where are those vows, if you repent?
 Those mutual vows of love?

S O N G.

DEAR Chloe attend, and give ear to my lay,
 Nor think by my song I design to betray;
 The pleasures of life are no pleasures for me,
 If contentment no longer sit smiling on thee.

'Tis

'Tis thou, dearest maid, who gav'st birth to each joy,
 'Tis thou dost my thoughts and my wishes employ;
 Then list to my tale, which flows from a heart
 That has nought but the language of love to impart.

Oh! Chloe, 'till late I ne'er thought thee unkind,
 For thee all the scenes of gay life I resign'd,
 Yet, alas! the full rose which once bloom'd on thy
 face,
 Is supplanted by lilies which grow in its place.

Bid the rose bloom again, nor for years let it fade,
 Let the lilies retire and live in the shade;
 E'en in autumn thy roses shall still have their
 charms,
 And stern winter consign them to die in those arms.

E

On

On the Death of a young Gentleman.

Addressed to his SISTER.

REST on thy William's urn, O beauteous fair!
Lament thy loss, and drop the falling tear;
In sweetest accents tell thy piteous tale,
And waft the tender sigh with ev'ry gale;
And if the friendly wish can give relief,
Accept each thought sincere, to sooth thy grief.

The tranquil joy of sympathetic pain
I'd not exchange for this world's greatest gain;
Say, if I err, or if we both agree
In this great point of man's felicity.

If it could serve him—willing we would raise
The costly tablets to bespeak his praise.

But

But these are partial vehicles of fame
 Which sinners purchase—saints must do the same!
 However good, not virtue in those days,
 Without a bribe, will get one line of praise!

No monumental pile shall grace his tomb,
 Nor courtly mourners guard him to his home.
 His monody the voice of truth shall grace,
 And friends shall sing his dirge in solemn pace:
 The weeping willow, shading yonder spot,
 Shall mark his turf, should it be e'er forgot;
 The mournful cypress, and the yew-tree by,
 Shall draw a solemn gloom o'er ev'ry eye;
 While contemplation points his lonely bed,
 When friends, by moonlight, seek the silent dead,
 And tells them, when the eve of life draws nigh,
 Immortal virtue was not born to die.



For there are partial vehicles of time
Which others purchase - time must be sold
How ever good, not value in itself
Without a price, will get one line of profit

No monument will stand his tomb
Nor country mourners grieve him to his home
His memory the voice of truth shall grace
And friends shall sing his dirge in solemn place
The weeping willow, the sighing dove
Shall mark his tomb, though he be long
The mournful cypress, the lowly weed
Shall draw a solemn gaze from every eye
While contemplation pours his lonely bed
When friends, by moonlight, seek the silent spot
And tell their story, when the eye of his grave
Imperial virtue was not born to die

